#### REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

FRESH DOCUMENTS FROM THE FRENCH ARCHIVES.

SEW MATERIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Translated from Documents in the French Archives, and Edited by John Durand. 12mo, pp. vis., 311. Henry Hols.

The researches of Mr. Durand in the French srchives go far toward demonstrating the justice of his conclusion "that we were not as well informed about" the relations of France to the Amer. ican Revolution as we should be. These archives have been consulted by American historians, and Mr. Bancroft says of them that they " are rich in materials for every branch of history. In one they are unique. The dispatches of the French envoys at Philadelphia to their Government contain the most complete reports which exist of the disn in Congress from 1778 to the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. Congress sat, it is true, with closed doors, but the French Ministers knew how to obtain information on every proseeding that interested their country." In fact, as Mr. Durand is enabled to show, they were ad. mitted to the debates whenever the interests of France were concerned. Mr. Bancroft's use of these documents, however, " has been far from exbaustive," and Mr. Durand has gathered in this volume a quantity of highly interesting and imreant material never before published, from the correspondence of the French envoys, Gerard de Rayneval and the Chevalier de Luzerne, relating to the secret debates of the Continental Congress, and the cabal against Washington, all written evidence concerning which latter has been so carefully suppressed or destroyed that American historians have been able to gather little more than the outline of it.

ides this the editor has brought together much new or little known matter relating to Caron de Beaumarchais and the American Revolution, and this matter forms a deeply interesting nazrative, though one which no patriot can read at this time without regret and humiliation. The letters of the French envoys at Philadelphia were written from a dispassionate point of view; and being free from all the local partisan influences which so seriously affect the greater part of the contemporary American chronicles, they throw new light upon the politics of 1778-'79, especially as they bring out the intensity of party spirit and the extent to which selfish intrigue hindered the progress of the revolctionary operations. The envoys, writing solely for the information of their Government, had no motive for suppressing or mitigating anything. They called things by their names. They marked and recorded the cabals and plots which politicians were continually arranging, and they made it their special business to observe and follow the opposition to the French alliance and the movements toward peace with England.

The first extracts given are from the correspondence of a M. Bonvouloir, who acted as a sort of unrecognized secret agent of France before she employed regularly accredited envoys. Bonvouloir's mission was to sound Congress. He had no powers, could promise nothing, but it was understood that he was in direct communication with his Government, and that his recommendations would be favorably received. His letters are chiefly interesting for his record of the impression made upon him by the resolution and energy of the Colonists in 1776. He did not effect much, for before his final report reached Paris Silas Deane had been accredited there. Bonvouloir seems to have viewed the situation through rose-colored glasses, for his accounts of the Colonial resources and of the strength of When their armies are not a little exaggerated. the French envoys came to reside at Philadelphia the situation did not appear to them nearly so hopeful, and as time passed much of the spirit whic had so impressed the early emissary faded into a dangerous apathy. But what all these documents emphasize is the extent of the obligations of the Colonies toward France. The fact was not only perforce recognized at the time; it was bitterly resented by the faction led by the Adamses and Lees. John Adams on one occasion openly declared that he would rather die than exchange the chains of Great Britain for those of France which was a peculiar view to take, seeing that without the aid of France the independence of the States never could have been secured, and that the magnitude of the succor extended by her rendered it imperative that she should have a voice in their employment.

story of Beaumarchais and the American Revolution is not a pleasant one for Americans to read, yet it is highly desirable that they should know it. The brilliant Frenchman was among the first to perceive the importance to his country of assisting the rebellious Colonies, and under Vergennes he did admirable service as a diplomatest to persuading Louis the Sixteenth to consent to this policy. Beaumarchais's letters to the King here printed in full, are decidedly lively The author of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figure" was a born dramatist, and his diplomatic arguments might have been written for the stage. They are full of the most pudacious sophistry, put in the most telling way. They are at once loyal, respectful and amazingly impudent. Evidently he had gauged the King's character and knew how far he could venture with him, and the event proved the soundness of his udgment. Of course it was not to be expected that France, an absolute monarchy, would help to establish a republic from love of liberty. Beaumarchais and Vergennes never pretended any such sympathy, though John Adams, when in Paris, subsequently adopted the extraordinary theory that nething like this had been the motive of the French Government. But, as France and England were at peace, and as the former was not prepared for war, it was absolutely necessary that, if aid were given to America, it should be given so eautiously that it could not be traced to the Government. This necessity was the germ of the famous firm

of Roderigue Hartalez & Co., which was the coneption of Beaumarchais, and which he established and carried on. The French Government put in illion france and that of Spain another million, and it was arranged that supplies of arms and munitions of war should be furnished Besumarchais for his firm from the French arsenals, he undertaking to pay for or to replace them. At the outset an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred. Arthur Lee, who was by no means regardful of the truth, and disliked and was jealous of Beaumarchais, told Congress that all the supplies furnished by Roderigue Hartales & Co. were really the gift of the King of France, and that no return was expected from them. Beaumarchais had explained to Silas Deane the true state of the case. The new firm was really a commercial enterprise. It was subsidized by the French and Spanish Governments to the extent of two million nes, but Beaumarchais enlisted private capital besides amounting to several millions of francs, pat all his own means into it. He arranged with Silas Deane that Roderigue Hartalez & Co. were to be reimbursed for the cargoes of arms, elothing, ammunition, etc., which they dispatched to America to the amount, in the first year, of five millions of francs, return cargoes of colonial produce. misrepresentations of Arthur Lee and the intrigues against Silas Deane which resulted in his recall prevented the fulfilment of the congrees received all the supplies sent by Roderigne Hartalez & Co., but dispatched no re-

Had the matter ended here it would have been simply unfortunate. But when the true state of the case was made clear, when Congress had de a formal contract with Roderigue Hartalez & Co., when it was proved that the payment for the supplies was demanded by the plainest pendeiples of common honesty-Congress still reed to do justice, and for years disgraced itself and the country by shuffling, pettifogging, disconest evasions. Beaumarchais, ruined by the daughter the claim against the United States

turn cargoes.

which he had in vain endeavored to collect. It was not a common debt. It was due to a man who, outside of all hope or expectation of reward or personal advantage, had befriended the struggling colonies at the very crisis of their fate, and had contributed greatly to their ultimate success. It was not a debt concerning the equity of which there existed any ground for doubt. Alexander Hamilton examined the whole case thoroughly, and reported that the indebtedness of the United States to Beaumarchais amounted to 2,280,000 francs. The French Government, Presidents Madison and Monroe, several Congressional committees, a series of French Ministers. from Vergennes to Talleyrand, vouched for the justice of the claim. In spite of every consideration which should have moved honorable representatives of a great and seif-respecting Nation, this just debt was refused payment until 1835, and then the claimant was given the choice between 800,000 francs and nothing. If a rich individual had acted thus toward a creditor to whom he was under far greater obligations than any mere money payment could cancel, there can be no doubt as to the judgment that would have been passed upon him. Burke said that it was impossible to draw an indictment against a whole nation, but in a case like this of Benumarchais, it might almost be said that a whole nation had actually drawn an indietment against itself. The refusal to pay the claim for nearly half a century was discreditable enough: the adjustment by forcing acceptance of fraction of the amount justly due was a deliberate and unmitigated fraud, alike shameful and con-

temptible. The correspondence of Gerard de Rayneval and Luzerne throws some new light upon the state of Congress and of public opinion from 1778 to 1780. The former, having spoken of the credit accorded Congress by the people, and the confidence reposed in that body, De Rayneval says: "It is now time that you should know it as well on its feeble side, so as to appreciate it as a whole. Most of the members who sit in Congress owe their places to their zeal for the American cause, as it is commonly called. But little attention, however, has been paid to the talents that are requisite for the enormous labor which every branch of the Administration demands, and which Congress manages exclusively. In some departments there is not a member who is familiar with their details. If one member happens to be more conspicuous than another on account of his intelligence, private jealousy and the principle of anticipating personal ascendancy throw him in the background. A competent merchant on the Committee on Commerce is transferred to that on Foreign Affairs, and again displaced because he is suspected of making money out of secret information. There are many colonels and generals in Congress, but none are employed on the war committees. The result is, Monseigneur, the Administration is extremely backward at all points wherever a fixed system and reg ularity in details are essential. The arrangements for the organization, recruiting, and regular service of the Continental troops remain in suspens, as well as a number of other matters. finances, especially, suffer a great deal."

The same correspondent writes: "I am sorry to be obliged to add, Monseigneur, that personal disinterestedness and pecuniary integrity have shed no lustre on the birth of the American Re. public. All its agents have derived exerbitant profit from manufactures. A selfish and calculating spirit is widespread in this land, and although can well see that limits are put to its extension, there is no condemnation of the sentiment. Mer. cantile cupidity forms, perhaps, one of the distinctive traits of the American, especially of the Northern, people, and it will undoubtedly exercise an important influence on the future destiny of the Republic" The Chevalier de la Lucerne, writing in January, 1780, shows incidentally that this cupidity was not universal. Speaking of the hardships then being endured by the American army, he says: "The soldier, suffering from the severest cold known since the beginning of the century, was obliged to live on half-rations for a fortnight, and then to resort to pillaging and marauding, and as this produced great daiorder, General Washington was forced to put a stop to it, which caused a complete famine in the camp. It was finally necessary to order regular foraging and maranding expeditions, which went from house to house and took everything that was not absolutely essential to their inhabitants. The General sent these expeditions purposely into Monmouth and other counties near New-York, which swarmed with Tories. During this crisis, and a very remarkable circumstance, the soldier was no less submissive and attentive to his duties, while the inhabitants who were annoyed by the pillaging made no resistance. In a country where liberty and property are watchwords, both are violated without exciting any popular commotion." This, however, is a testimony to the patriotism of the rural population.

Our forefathers in 1779 had a passion for duelling. De Rayneval writes:

The rage for duelling here has reached an in-The race for duelling here has reached an incredible and scandalous point. No repression of such a pernicious spirit is even thought of. This liceuse is regarded as the appanage of iberty. Fortunately in those combats nothing but the priming is burnt. Out of eight or nine duels which have occurred in the last few weeks, only one shot took effect, in the coat of General Lee, who fought Colonel Laurens, son of the ex-President (of Congress), on account of the peneral's statements in relation to his condemnation. A Senator, made to descend from his seat, where he exercises sovereign authority, is led to the battle-field and forced to risk his life in support of a suffrage dictated by duty! If this is freedom, if must be admitted that it is not for those who hold office. One of the most interesting of Luzerne's letters

(of April, 1780) related to the opposition in Congress to the appointment of a committee of three to reform army abuses. It puts in a strong light the desperation to which Washington's enemies were reduced in formulating charges against him. were reduced in formulating charges against him. It is difficult to form a just conception of the depredations which have been committed in the management of war supplies—foraging, clothing, hospitals, tents, quarters, and transportation. About nine thousand men, employed in the service, received enormous salaries and devoured the subsistence of the army, while it was tortured with hunger and the extremes of want. Congress determined to apply a prompt remedy, and has just appointed a committee of three, invested with the ampiest powers ever conferred on a deputation of this kind. This resolution brought on long and warm discussion, in which a large party, jealous of seeing three individuals endowed with such unlimited power, strive to restrict it by instructions. They instated on the danger of associating the Commander-in-Chief with it, whose influence, it was stated, was already too great. His virtues were spoken of as an additional cause of alarm; it was remarked that the enthusiasm of the army, Joined to a sort of dictature conferred on him, slarm; it was remarked that the conductation of the grmy, joined to a sort of distalure conferred on him, placed Congress and the thirteen States at its merry; that it was not well to expose even the most virtuous man to the subtle temptations of ambition; and it was accordingly proposed to have the committee consist of one member from each of the twelve States repre-

These men were tired of hearing Aristides called "the just" and would have banished him from power, at no matter what cost to the country. Fortunately, Congress refused to adopt their amendment.

Mr. Durand has unearthed some curious and interesting correspondence about the manocuvres of Samuel Adams and R. H. Lee, and also concern ing the doings and sayings of John Adams in Paris. The latter was so little liked by Vergennes that the French Minister was evidently more than once on the point of demanding his recall; but contented himself finally with declining to correspond with Adams on American affairs, and dealing altogether with Franklin, who was always " persona grate" at the French court. We esenot say that much light is east upon the Conway Cabal, a quotation from the memoirs of Lafayette being hardly a fresh contribution to the subject. The causes of the opposition in and out of Congress, however, and the methods taken to weaken or destroy the French alliance, are illustrated in many ways. In the appendix Mr. Durand gives a decidedly interesting letter by Tom Paine to Danton in 1798, in which the author of "Common Sense" gives the Terrorist leader some excellent advice-which, of course, is not taken. He cites American experience against the French attempts to fix the market price of food-products and other things, and enforces his argument with the following instance: In Philadelphia we undertook, among other reguations of this kind, to regulate the price of salt; the consequence was that sais was brought to market, and the price rose to 36 skillings sterling per bushel. The price before the war was only one

LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWARD BULWER (Lord Lytton), to his Wife, with extracts from his Mes.

"Autobiography" and other Documents. Published in vindication of her momory. By Louisa Devey, Executix to the Dowager Lady Lytton. 12mo. pp. 451. G. W. Dillingham.

There are 450 pages in this book. Of these 394 are contribute to the

filled with letters which in no way contribute to the alleged object of the editor, namely the vindication of intimate affection. Lady Lytton's memory. These letters, written by young Bulwer to Miss Rosina Wheeler, are of the type of correspondence which people of taste, sense and intelligence under no circumstances consent to make public. If anything in human relations possesses prescriptive sanctity it is the correspondence of lovers; and the judgment of the world on this head is perhaps confirmed by the teaching of experience that such respondence, as a rule, possesses little or no inerest save for the parties to it. A few instances may be cited in which love letters of distinguished men have had a distinct literary value, but these are the exceptions which prove the rule, and there can be po doubt that the letters here printed are anything but

exceptional. Miss Devey intimates in her preface that during the last years of the Dowager Lady Lytton's life she had in conversation frequently noted her extreme anxiety that these letters, wih other papers she had arefully preserved, should on some fitting occasion be used for clearing her memory from the harsh judgnent which had been pronounced and circulated to her disparagement"; and she goes on to say that she as been as it were driven to publish the letters earlier than she had intended by "the recent appearance of the 'Biography of Edward Lord Lytton which, as she avers, injustice has been done to her friend, the deceased Downgor. Miss Devey is apparently unable to perceive—as the late Lady Lytton was unable to perceive-that the publication of the letters in which Bulwer declares his love for her before marriage can by no method of interpretation be made to minister to her vindication; but that the willingness to expose so peculiarly private and essentially delicate a correspondence argues in all who accurate onsenting to the act a coarseness of fibre which certainly must be taken into account as casting a br o means favorable light upon them.

It cannot be said that the letters contribute much toward the clucidation of the writer's mature charactor, for they are essentially juvenile and crude for the most part, and they exhibit little else than a oyish extravagance, boastfulness, self-confidence and morbidness. It did not require these letters to inform the world that Bulwer was in his youth a dandy, vain, self-cenceited, and a trifle ridiculous. So much was gathered long ago from contemporary records. The young man was not riensly disliked by most of the mea of letters of his time, for he affected the aristocrat too persistently, and he had not the fact to disguise his expernely good opinion of himself. He was hindered by an ungovernable temper. Through life Bulwer raged against whatever crossed his path, and his success only stimulated an infirmity which questionably belonged to "that rash humor that his nother gave him." Miss Devey is probably right in saying that he was not a lovable man, and that he was a selfish one. It is obvious, however, or it should be obvious, that in the absence of the complementary indications which Miss Wheeler's answers to his letters could alone furnish, all conclusions founded upon his noiety of the correspondence, with one exception, are liable to be erromeous, and must be one sided The exception relates to Bulwer's affection for Miss

Wheeler. Of that there can be no doubt. It is equally clear that this was a passionate love, and the very excomes of his emotion, expressed in the most hyperbuli-cal lauguage, might have suggested to a more experienced and cautious woman some apprehension concerning its endurance. Miss Wheeler indeed appears though, lacking her letters, this is only con ecture—to have maintained comparative coolness Certainly she several (three) times evinced willingness to break off the engagement, upon the occurrence of lovers' quarrels the details of which are only to be guessed at, were it worth while to spend time upon uch futilities. We may suppose her to have us advances, for after each misunderstanding reconcillation and a renewal of arder and nonsense appear. It must be said that Bulwer does not appear to advantage as a writer of love and his style as dialoctic as the period and style of Clariesa Harlowe or Sir Charles Grandison. When he relaxes and unbends he drops into a bathon so abject that his elephantine buffoonery almost makes reader feel sheepish and shamefaced. No doubt the letters in which he addresses his beloved as "My Own Darling Poodle," requests her to "believe me ever a true, true l'uppy"-signs himseif "Zeo own Adoring idelizing Puppy,"-or adopts the baby-dialect thus; "Zoo was too naughty, my bootiful love, to sit up all night. Ah! will on do so bye and bye, when on is Mrs. Pappy "-ft is quite impossible for any one not steeped in the imberthity of a like pa-sion to sympathize with, tolerate, or refrain from objurgating, these realig mournful and unseasonable petrifactions of dead and gone emotions. No man looks well in such an attitude, but it is not possible to contrast Bulwer's literary sobriety, erudition, philosophy and rhetori cal brilltancy with these diffuse pages of puppy-talk

without indulging a sardonic grin, The court-nip whose varying phases are indicated by Bulwer's letters terminated in marriage, toward the close of 1827. Miss Devey gives some further epistics, which prove that down to May, 1829, the relations between the husband and wife gern harmonlous. Then there is a break in the correspondence of five years. Why no ictters between 1829 and 1834 are published is nowhere explained, but during this period everything had changed, and the next letter given is one of self reproach and humiltation for the committal of a great outrage. In admitting his fault, however, Bulwer attempts to mitigate it by pleading strong provocation. He says to

his wife:

You have been cruelly outraged—and I stand eternally degraded in my own eyes. I do not for a moment traine you for the publicity which you gave to an airroit bothing but trenzy can extenuate —I do not biame you for exposing me to my servants—for seesing that occasion to vindicate yourself to my mother—nor for a single proceeding of that most natural conduct, which has probably by this time made me the theme of all the malgnity of London. All this was perfectly justifiable after what had taken place, and I have only my self to blame for having been betrayed into such maines and giving myself, in a moment of passion, so wholly into the hands of my enemies. But I may doubt whether it was human; to tamper with so terrible an infirmity as mine, to provide so gratuitously in the first instance, to continue to sting and exas-perate, to lead me op step by step, to rouse me out of the restraints I visibly endeavored to put upon myself, to persist in stretching to the utmost a temper always so constitutionally violent and stung now by a thousand exist such as the common charity might, if it could not bear with, at least not unnecessarily gail—until at last sense, reason, manhood, everything, save way, and I was a son, manhood, everything, save way, and I was a son, manhood, everything, save way, and the softers being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame. I should think it had others, being myself to blame to should be should an excuse to myself I might be deg You have been cruelly outraged-and I stand

Then he declares himself convinced that he is "only fit to live alone. God and Nature affileted me with unsocial habits, weak nerves and violent passions. verything in my life tended to feed these infirmities until they have become a confirmed and incurable lisease, which nothing but a gentle pity, a forbearing, soothing, watchful companion-as of a nurse over a padman-can render bearable to me or others. God forbid that any one should so sacrifice herself for me." He proposes separation, with generous provision for

his wife, and in concluding says:

And now farewell. I wish you every comfort;
and after the first nervousness of "a breakup" is over,
I know you will find a great relief in our relative
change of position. For six years you have been
to me an incomparable wife. That thought alone is
sufficient to make me judge you leniently in the last
year. Whether the change areas from too harsh a
misconstruction of my faults, from an erroneous estimate of my character, from that utter difference of
tastes, habits and pursuits, which time, that wears
away all gloss and all concealment, made more obvious and more fresume—whatever he line cause of the
change that has taken place in your affection and your
kindness, I call for no defence. Let us both rest in
peace. his wife, and in concluding says:

Lady Lytton comments on the above letter in the following manner:

The "provocation" I gave this man was this: Upon his asking me with whom I was going to the christen-ing of Mr. Foublanque's child that night, and I reply-ing, "With Lady Stepney," he then repeated as fast as he could a dozen times running. "My mother calls

shilling and six pence per bushel; and we regulated the price of flour till there was none in the market, and the people were glad to procure it any price." Paine also foretells the collapse of the Assignats, also from his American experience, and writes very sensibly altogether. But Danton was then long past the influence of sober reason, and in the act of shooting Nlagara. Mr. Durand has produced a volume of high and general interest, and one which is a really valuable contribution to the history of the Republic. It suggests, moreover, further selections from the plenitude of the French archives.

BULWER AND HIS WIFE.

A FOOLISH AND UNPLEASANT BOOK.

LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWARD BULWER (Lord LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWAR

There is internal evidence that this was written after the final separation, for if Lady Lytton " cordially despised" her husband at the time of the outrage upon her, she certainly took strange ways of showing the nature of her sentiments. The relations between them after this, and until 1836, when Bulwer himself insisted upon the separation, were, so far as the letters indicate, replaced upon the old footing of Even the playful puppy talk is resumed in these last two years, and when at length Bulwer declares his determination not to live with her again, it is she who combats this resolve with all her powers of persuasion, and who expresses her entire willingness to return to him. His determi nation to separate from her ensuel upon a mantfestation of jealousy on her part, which took shape in a sudden night visit to his chambers at the Albany visit which bres much scandal, though there is no evidence that her suspicions were confirmed. her final letter to him she expresses the hope that his friends "may have none of the irritability of temper and easily wounded feelings, which, in me, destroyed and cancelled all my best intentions," and this may perhaps be regarded as an admission that all the faults were not on one side. That Lady Lytton had a high temper horself her subsequen career proved too fully for any doubt to exist on that Whatever her wrongs, she did not bear them point. patiently, nor did she long maintain the attitude of forgiveness in which she passes off the stage so far as these letters are concerned. Her stanchest friend, Miss Devey, observes that " no one can defend some of her published extravagances," and what Miss Devey mildly terms "extravagances" less partial critics have considered reckless and frantic libels and calumnies, in which she included not only her former husband, but all of his relatives and many of his friends. It may be, as Miss Devey intimates that even for these libels "our blame should more justly be laid on those who abused her highly sensitive nature, and induced those feelings of exasper ation under the infliction of wrong which she had no other opportunity to express"; but, at the same time, it cannot be forgotten that Bulwer complained of her abuse of all his family as having become an established habit a year before the outrage.

Of course, his behavior to her was most brutal and famous, and whatever allowances we may make for the curse of an inherited violent temper, we must con clude that there was something wanting in the character which under any conceivable provocation could de scend to the perpetration of so gross and wild-beastlike an act. In thinking of this maniacal outbreak, Tennyson's caustic lines on "The New Timon" inex stably recur to the mind:

But you, Sir. you are hard to please; You never look but half content; Nor like a gentleman at case, With moral breadth of temperament."

It is just this moral breadth of temperament which hulwer lacked, and the defect is responsible for many things in his career, both public and private, which deserve to be called either petty or ignoble.

There was a great deal of artificiality, of mock ensibility, of hard egotism, about him, beyond a doubt. His genius was real, but not sympathetic. and probably he was entirely right when he said that he was "only fit to live a'one." Certainly Rosina Theeler was not the kind of woman to tame or re form him, and this the event proved. It is an ugly miserable story, but the poor weman who figure in it must have suffered far more from the deprivation of her children than from the less of a husband with whom she had proved it impossible to live. She did not, as Miss Dever intimates, die worn-out with That can hard's be said of any one who

lives to be eighty. But she suffered greatly. We must repeat in closing this review that we cannet see the justification for the publication of the tters which constitute nine tenths of this volume. They do not tend to the vindication of the Dowager Lady Lytton. They only expose Lord Lytton's memory raticule, which is an act not of justice, but of mere malignity. As to the concluding portion of the book, certainly does prove that Lady Lytton was deeply wronged, but it does not bear out the sweeping gen eralizations of the editor. Miss Devey frankly owns that she is not an impartial citier, though the admisston is rendered scarcely necessary by the tone of her comments. She has done her best to pull down the husbend and to build up the wife. She has proved that the former was capable of great occasion, and has fald open so far as she was able the most secret recesses of his emotional life. think the spectacle improving, or particularly interesting, and we are by no means sure that Lady Lymon's nemory stands "vindicated" in such a way as to confirm the wisdom of the method employed to that end,

### LITERARY NOTES.

"Sidney Page" will be the title of the novel or which Margaret Deland is now engaged. Though not dealing directly with theology, it will have a religious motive. It will be published next year.

What is said to be an uncommonly interesting ollection of Washington's letters will soon be printed for subscribers by the Long Island Historical Society To these letters, about 150 in number, will be prefixed a portrait of Washington by Charles Peale which has not before been engraved.

It is long since Mrs. Fanny Kemble has been mentioned as an active writer, and it will therefore be with a little surprise as well as pleasure that the admirers of the brilliant old lady will welcome a novel from her pen. Holt & Co. will soon publish her story, the scene of which is laid in the Berkshire hills. Mrs. Kemble, who lived for some time in that region, explored it theroughly in the saidle.

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's new translation of "Omar Khayyam" is just coming out in London.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, belongs to one the best county families of Dorsetshire. One of his ancestors founded the Dorchester Grammar School, and in the arms of another Lord Nelson died at the battle of Trafalgar. The characters in "Far from the Madding Crowd and the scenery are reproduced from the people and places to be found in the neighborhood of Max Gate, the house he has built for himself just outside Dorchester. Bathsheba Everdene's homestead is close at hand, and "Casterbridge" i Dorchester itself. Mr. Hardy is a justice of the peace of Durchester. As a writer he is thoroughly systematte. Once seated at his desk after breakfast he does ot rise till the day's pile of "copy" is completed. Although of a sociable turn, when he has serious work in hand he shuts himself in his room and forbids any visitors to come near his dwelling.

An engraving of J. S. Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth" is to appear in the next number of " Harper's Weekly."

"Aunocchiature" is the title of the volume of short stories which Mr. Edgar Saltus is about to pub-

The Marchioness of Stafford has joined the ranks of literary women with a volume entitled, " flow I Spent My Twentieth Year. Being a Short Record of a Tour Round the World." Those who do not see the charm of Scott's novels

may take in any sense they like a saying of Samuel Rogers: "When I am old and bedridden I shall be read to by young people-Waiter Scott's novels, per-

"The Stalwarts"-the book described on the fitte page as by "the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau"has this passage: " A good President fell-assassinated by a monted, political, monarchical ring, too cowardly to meet the issues of their own scheme, or even peretrate in person their last desperate resort. the trembling hand of a weak and insanely religious fanatic, worked upon until he believed himself uspired and directed by Deity to consummate their villany by 'removing' the President out of the way, was intrusted the execution of the final diabolism."

"An Ambitious Woman," the clever story written by Edgar Fawcett and originally published in The Iribune, has been translated into the Dutch.

Tribune, has been translated into the Auctioneer—Well, really, Mrs. A., I should have to set in the great extent, and busies himself chiefly with manual labor and the spread of the "gospel of brotherly love." A short time ago, when driving in the streets of Moscow, he saw a policeman arrest a peasant because of some slight offence against the police regular.

hattens, and lead him along the street in a cruel manner. Ordering his coachman to halt, the Count rushed up to the polteeman and asked him if he could read. "Certainty." "Have you read the Bible!" The answer was again in the affirmative. "Then," continued the Count to the surprised officer, "do not forget that we are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves." The policeman hooked at him in astonishment for a moment, then began an "do not lorget that we are commanded to love at neighbors as ourselves." The policeman looked at him in astonishment for a moment, then began an inquisition of his own. "Can you read!" he asked. "Yes." "Have you read the police regulations!" The Count was obliged to reply in the negative. "Then," answered the officer, as he proceeded upon his way with his victim, "read them before you come here to preach."

# BALLADS OF THE PAVE.

THE MAN FROM THE FAR NORTH, There was a man from Bleecker street, With one from Chatham Square; And also one from Corlear's Hook Was likewise standing there.

And e'en there was a Harlem man, And one from Barrow street, With one who came from Little Twelfth,-They all were glad to meet.

They stood together at a bar And drank of beer and gin; A stranger stepped to them and asked If he was counted in? Then spake the man from Barrow street,

He answered he preferred Old Crow,-The barkeep gave it he. He took a drink full deep and long, He seemed to like the taste; He slowly set the goblet down,

And asked him what 'twould be;

"I am a sailor," spake the man, "The world I've sailed around; I've just returned from Arctic climes, Where ice and b'ars abound."

But still the bar he faced.

Then spake the Harlem man these words: "You come from ice and snow? Pray, drink again." The man replied: 'A little more Old Crow," Another glass was swallowed down By him from countries far;

He sadly wiped away a tear, but still he faced the bar. "I come from haunts of seals and whales, And where the scebergs roll; I come from where there's frost and snow-

I've sought the Northern Pole;" Spake then the man from Bloccker street. As he his hand did shake "I bonor you, my friend, and hope

" We Arette travellers seldom drink, And yet I searcely know How I could manage to refuse A little more Old Crow."

Another drink you'll take."

Then drank the man a brimming glass With him from Bleecker street; And then the man from Little Iwelfth, He likewise stood a treat.

And eke him from the Hook; Still he from lands of untred ice His Old Crow sadiy took. And then he paused and wiped away

Another large-sized tear,

The Chatham man, he took his turn,

And said: "The stories I could tell You'd not believe, I fear. I've been with seals and b'ars and whales, And eke the Esquimau; I've fac-ed hunger, thirst and night,

And frost and ice and snow. "I travelled once two hundred miles And never sought a bed; The dogs fell down with legs worn off-

I pressed on far ahead, "I journeyed fourteen hundred milesweek it only took,-The Esquimaux lay down to die-

"And sometimes food was very scarce list I've no fault to find, I never went above ten days But once at least I dined.

I never stopped to look.

"On this great journey I still saw such strange and wondrous sights; A lake nine hundred miles in width. And spotted northern lights.

" And eke a mighty waterfall Which fell with thundering sound. Niagara's but a humid spot To this one that I found,

" And still I press on further North And never turn aside: The winter comes, the night shuts down, I only onward stride.

Now come we to a horrid The tempest swirls around, The glaciers creak, the wild beasts howl, Convulsions shake the ground.

"Cold, darkness, ice and savage beasts, And eke the wild tem-pest; The icebergs clash, the heavens roar-I only forward prest."

(Here fainted him from Bleecker street; They all were deadly pale-And each man shook in every limb To hear the growsome tale.)

"But cold and darkness, ice and death, They are not all I see; The injune rush at us with knives, And seek to slaughter we.

"Cold. ice and darkness shut me in, And wild men surge around, They dash at me with bloody knives, I fell them to the ground.

"I fell them to the earth. They cover all the ground, There's but one left-eight feet in height-His weight, five hundred pound

" He easy weighs five hundred pound, He has a bloody knife, He dashes at me with a whoop,

He seeks to take my life. " He dashes at me with his knife, I do not try to flee. I calmly grasp him by the feet

And pound the earth with he. (Here fell the man from Corlear's Hook, It was too much for him :

The others wiped their clammy brows, And shook in every limb.) "Then passed I onward from these men, Through darkness toward my goal--And did you, then," gasped he from Twelfth,

And did you see the Pole !" He turned and on his brow there came A large and scomful frown; Sir, no, I did not see the Pole-The Mayor had cut it down."

Then reached they for him as one man, With him to mop the floor; He turned and with a rapid scoot Escap-ed by the door.

Then loud and long they talked of him. And roundly raked him o'er; I cannot here set down their words, For truly those men swore,

MORAL Sift Arctic travellers' stories well; They've often not been there; This man who'd seen the North Pole's stump Lived up in Tompkins Square.

SHE WISHED TO BELL A LIBRARY. From The Worcester Spy.

From The Workester Spy.

One of our most genial auctioneer's eyes have a haif-wicked twinkle as he relates a "good one" which was played on him the past week. He was tred and the weather was suitry, but when he came in to dinner his amiable wife said that Mrs. A. had called and wanted him to come over to her house "right away," as she had some books to sell. "O, thunder!" asid be; "I can't go over there now; it's hot and a good haif mile." "O, but you must, my dear; I assured her you would come over at once after dinner." Dinner over, the auctioneer posted off to the lady's house, where something like the following dialogue ensued:

Auctioners—Mrs. A., I understand you have some books you want to sell.

Mrs. A.—O, yee; how much will you give me for them!

Auctioneer-Well, really, Mrs. A., I should have to

SCHATCHED 28 YEARS.

& Scaly, Itching Skin Dis and with Endless Suffi Cured by Cutteura Remedies.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twen

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twentysight years ago it would have saved me \$200.00 (twe
hundred doiless) and an immense amount of suffering. My
disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my heed in a spot not
larger than a cent. It spread repidly all over my body,
and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me
all the time, and my suffering was endiess, and without
all the time, and my suffering was endiess, and without
relief. One thousand doilars would not tempt me to have
relief. One thousand doilars would not tempt me to have
this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich
to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy,
some ringwarm, psoriasis, etc. I took, ... and ... ...
Sarsaparillas over one year and a haif, but no cure. Sarsaparillas over one year and a haif, but no cure. I
went to two or three doctors and no cure. I cannot praise
the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made
my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I
used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three
bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of
CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you
would have cured me for \$200.00 you would have had tho
mency. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"),
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well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a
well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be
answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING.

Parciasis Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Prurius,

Psoriasis, Ecrema, Teiter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers', and Washerwoman's 1tch and every species of Irching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Irching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Irching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp and Bleed, with Loss of Half, are positively cured by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SCAP, and Scalp and exquisite Skin Beautifler, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER BRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin pre-vented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



PREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Caricara Anti-Paia
Plaster relieves rhoumatic, sciatic, hip,
kidney, chest, and muscular rains and weaknoaces. The first and only pain-killing

## ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS-COMING AUCTION SALES IN PARIS-COMMENTS ON THE SALON.

The exhibition of the Pastel Club closed last evens ing. Hardly half a dozen pictures have been sold, a result especially desappointing in view of the admirable quality of the collection. Nevertheless the exhibition has attracted the attention of artists and of some amateurs, if not of the public. The capabilities of this adaptable medium have been so brilliantly demonstrated that other painters will be tempted to enter the field, and there will undoubtedly material for a larger exhibition next year, if this is deemed destrable. For the club's sake, however, it is to be hoped that the exhibitions may be held earlier in the season, at some regular time and place.

The first week of the Society of American Artists epeats the familiar story of recent years. The abtendance since the opening days has been very small, and only three pictures have been sold. These are "Midsummer," by K. I. Langdon; "Evening," by Henry G. Dearth, and "Road to a Village," by Bruce Crane. This exhibition contains so much good workthat it is impossible not to regret the course of the socity's managers. If the best of these pictures had been sent to the Academy they would have received general attention, and their excellent quality would have strengthened the exhibition, and advanced the cause of American art in the estimation of the public. The Academy of late years has shown itself anxious give the younger artists fair treatment, and the original reason for the socioty's existence has, therefore, d'sappeared. The society's exhibitions furnish a season of congratulations for the contributors and their immediate friends, which is doubtless as enjoyable for the participants as it is amusing for impartial outsiders. But the practical question is whether this pleasure and the joy of management are sufficient compensations for the sacrifice of the work However good shown at these exhibitions. However good the pictures may be, it is a fact that they are seen by comparatively few people. They make the slightest impression upon the public at a time when American art needs to strengthen itself with the public in every

The New-York dealers in Parts appear to be buying little, but in any case they are not in the habit of taking the world into their confidence. Avery, jr., is supposed to be awaiting the result of various commissions to Paris artists. Mr. Hodges, of Reichard & Co., who is now in Paris, reports the purchase of a Daubigny and a Vibert. Mr. Roland bought Leen Lhermitte's smaller & picture, Women Washing." Lhermitte's larger painting is the decorative panel nepresenting Claude Bernard engaged in his experiments, which is designed for the great hall of the Sorbonne. Of thes M Albert Wolff says: "It does not please me in its ensemble. The general tonality is unquiet, and flachy. I remark this defect still more in the small picture by the same painter, as I have already observed if in his pastels. I wish to see M. I.hermitte return to more simple methods. He needs to watch himself and very carefully." But without reference to the Sorbonne panel or "Les Laveuses," it may be said that rank as a colorist has never for Lhermitte by dispassionate students of his work. He is a designer of remarkable power. There are few Salon draughtsmen combining, vigor and accuracy in such a degree, but imperfect tonality is nothing new

It is still said that some pictures have been privately sold from the Secretan collection, but it is unerstood that they will be exhibited together with the others when the collection is shown next month previous to the auction sale. The number is put at fifteen and rumor has it that they will be nominally sold over again, returning, of course, to their present owners. But this may be an unjust report. In any case the sale is certain to be a memorable event. So far as the modern pictures alone are concerned, this may prove to be the greatest sale known at the Hotel Dronot. The twenty-six Meissoniers alone will bring an enorrapus amount. There may be a lively American competition for Millit's "Angelus," a picture declared by many amateurs to be by no means the artist's finest work, and yet a picture which has certainly reached the popular heart, and carned for itself a fame which few modern pictures have attained! A year or two since it was understood that the American Art Association had made offers for the " Angelus." and perhaps this firm will enter the contest at the The " Angelus" is likely to come to this country. and it will probably be accompanted by other notable examples of the school of Barbizon.

Meantime the artists of Paris are reported to be much disquieted over the Dreyfus sale which is held this month, and the Secretan sale, which follows in the last week of June. They had expected land sales at the Salon and the Exposition, but now they fear that the more generous picture-buyers will be diverted to the great auction sales, and that the exite bitions will suffer greatly in consequence.

Reports concerning the Salon agree that there is scarcity of genuinely imaginative and even of really serious work. The painters seem to have little to say. although their methods of expression often show remarkable technical proficiency. The criticism that artists are becoming mere "painting and modelling machines" finds abundant justification, "Galignani's Messenger" says: "Historical painting on the whole is weak, although there are a few meritorious examples in this noble range of art. The poverty of imaginative resource in the great majority of instances in which a direct appeal to the fanciful and the ideal is made is a depressing characteristic of the Exhibition. When the ideal is not treated ideally, it falls at once into the grotesque. High-searing birds need to have wings for the purpose; wise sparrows do not try to fly like hawks. In fact, it is only men who cannot take a just measure of their capabilities. Mythological sub-jects have been treated this year in a manner quite appalling, and yet in some instances such pictures have been given excellent places. The strength of the Salon so far as painting is concerned is to be found mainly in rustic figures and landscape, genre subjects and portraits."

HER MASCULING-LOOKING CLOAK.

From The Albany Journal.

"Why do you wear such a mannian-looking cloak?"
asked one fair damsel of another as they strolled down
State-st. together this morning. "Well, you see," was
the reply, "I ride on railway cars a great deal and like
to have a seat all to myself. So I sit down and fing
this cloak over the back of the seat beside me. Everyone thinks it is a coat belonging to some gentleann
who will soon return from the sincking car and act as
my escort. In consequence I am always comfortable
without having to be impolite." From The Albany Journal.